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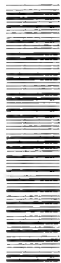
The Ballad of John Dunn

Other Poems

Charles Kinross

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THE BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN
AND OTHER POEMS

*I have to thank the Editor of the
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clude in this volume certain poems ap-
pearing in that Journal.*

THE
BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES KINROSS

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET
M CM X

To ERNA HOPPE

*I have an audience of one,
Who sings my words and knows,
What I, poor writing-man, have done
To love the muse, when passion glows.*

*She's scarcely critical nor just,
Avows she only hears and feels;
Nor is she jealous, knows I must
For ever worship, where, in vain, she kneels.*

*She dreams of love and peace that so is won,
Of glory, hope and all for her and me;
And as she harks, my audience of one,
She hears the River rolling t'wards the Sea.*

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THE BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN

JOHN DUNN, alone he lives
Behind the crumbling cliffs,
John Dunn.

What is't you have, John Dunn, John Dunn ?
What is't you have, John Dunn ?
I have the sky, I have the sea,
What more could God have given me,
John Dunn.

I had a wife, yet not a wife,
And now I have the sea,
The grey, eternal, northern sea,
What more could God have given me,
John Dunn.

I have a string, I have a bow,
And fiddle-playing is all I know ;
But I can make, and I can take
The sounds the ocean sends to shake
The cliffs by which I live,
And on my bow I know, I know,
The ways that God and I shall go,
John Dunn.

THE BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN

I watch the seagull curl and queak,
John Dunn, John Dunn,
I hear the west wind turn and creak,
The grim north-easter swirl and shriek, ;
John Dunn.
I play as though my heart would break,
As though my life were yet to make,
John Dunn.

“There are wrecks to-night upon the shore,
John Dunn,
And the wind is blowing harder than it ever
blew before,
John Dunn,
There are human lives at stake,
So you'd better keep awake,
'Fore the ghosts come trailing in to you,
John Dunn.”

I hear the rain rush down my roof,
I mark the windows' web and woof,
I play, I play, I play, I play,
I play and play my life away,
John Dunn.

THE BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN

And I hear them coming past,
Though I think 'tis but the blast
Of the deadly cold north-easter on the shore,
So I put them in my fiddle,
And I read you all a riddle,
That few shall ever master save myself,
John Dunn.

* * * *

The sun's a silent, misty god,
Upon this northern, wind-swept sea ;
But he and I the other nod,
We know that he and I have trod
Such roads to Heaven and Hell as be.

And oft the night, the evening star,
My music-prisoned soul unbar ;
I catch the sunset's dying glow,
I seize the moonbeam's ebb and flow,
John Dunn.

The rising tide is mine,
John Dunn.
The ebbing tide—I know, I know—
But ne'er a tide shall find me out
Till I leave off my song to go.

THE FIGHT AT CHESTER-LE-STREET

UP the long (oh so long), long road,
Once there strode (march in line), strode, strode,
Men-at-arms (horseand foot), going to meet,
Going to meet (slow or fleet), going to meet,
Win or lose Chester-Street, Chester-Street.

Saxon men (beaten men), Saxon foe
Of the Norman (in the South). How to know
Shall they fight (as they might) for their right,
For their right (there's the enemy in sight),
Is there anything to hope from a blow.

Durham Keep (moated deep), ne'er asleep,
Where the rocking waters leap,
Sent it's word ; how it stirred when they heard !
How it stirred Saxon life,
What a strife should there be to the knife !

THE FIGHT AT CHESTER-LE-STREET

Saxon hind, Saxon chief, are they blind
To the Norman guile, the Norman strength behind,
As they march and they meet
In the straggling, broken street,
Going to fight (as they might) for their kind?

In the night (Norman foe), in the night,
They have marched from Durham Keep to the
fight :

They hold the gate and wait
For the Saxon (oh he's late),
They wait in all their might in the night.

They hear the tramp of feet (unshod feet),
As the Saxon comes to Chester-le-Street.
Then they strike a sudden blow
Where the Saxons come and go,
And (as at Senlac) beat their retreat.

" Here is Chester-le-Street, it is ours, it is ours,"
The Saxon is boasting of his devil-daring powers,
And the Norman men rush through,
Their old Senlac trick renew,
And Saxon, beaten Saxon, frets for home in
Norman towers.

Here is Chester-le-Street, oh the quiet, quiet street,
And 'tis Norman feet that beat
Down the narrow, straggling street.

THE ANGEL

AN angel came into my life,
 Enchanting, wise, and fair to see,
A sweet adventuress in the strife
 Of fates, long since at war with me.

She came alone from out the night
 Of hopes uncrowned, of work unblest,
She hovered silent in my sight,
 And seemed uncertain of her quest.

Oft spoke I words to welcome her
 (I knew not fear, nor e'en surprise),
She seemed to find nought singular
 In this descent from Paradise.

She fed my soul, she loosed my heart
 Long 'prisoned in a helpless clay ;
She seemed as though she would impart
 A secret hope, a certain way.

THE ANGEL

I toiled beneath her silent spell,
I struggled greater things to do,
I worked and worked, I laboured well,
And strove to make my past untrue.

I felt my task a double joy,
Sweet inspiration from her sought,
Urged all my strength in her employ,
And great creations would have wrought.

It seemed to me I did great things,
Hope shone illumined on my brow ;
“ Oh, Angel-shape, thy presence brings
Reward to me,” I cried. “ What now ? ”

Silent she stood, still as before,
“ Oh, Angel-shape,” boldly I spoke,
“ My heart awakened, cries for more,
I need thy love for masterstroke.”

She smiled, but ne’er an answer gave,
And then, henceforth, she stayed away ;
I toiled like soulless galley slave,
But dropped my work and tried to pray.

For days I prayed to see her face,
And work seemed all of no avail ;
I tried again, but presently
Threw down my tools and cried, “ I fail.”

THE ANGEL

At last I dreamt she came to me
Again. This time it seemed she spoke,
"Thy work must come from thee, not me,"
And love was on my lips, but I awoke.

MUCH WOULD I SAY

MUCH would I say,
Yet do I fear my part
Were overdone—I can but pray
While weeps my heart.

Much would I do,
Yet must I shrink the task
That's rightly thine. And yet, 'tis true—
I beg you ask—

Nay, *question* me,
Why bitter weeps my heart
When, silently, I think of thee,
And thy sad part.

THE BALLAD OF THE EARTHLY LIGHT

WHAT light is this, what brightly shining light ?
Through what dim world, what darkness of the
night

Comes it to me ?

Is it a hope, a long deferrèd grace,
Or must I still entreat and sue for place,
Shall this still be ?

I mark it well, 'tis in no earthly hand,
Though on the earth ; and as I waiting, stand,
It beckons me :

A slowly moving beacon of the soul,
Bound to some far off splendid goal,
Some heavenly sea.

Who guides the light ? Aye, did I know but that,
Then were I more than man ! I know scarce what
I feel within ;

THE BALLAD OF THE EARTHLY LIGHT

A flame consuming, and a soul consumed
With hope unending, ne'er more doomed
To grope in sin.

'Tis nearly day where 'twas black night before,
And this the way where once the closed door
Shook in my face.

The people cry, they shout upon my sign,
And by-and-by they say the prize is mine,
'Tis run the race !

SPRING

GRIM winter's last fling,
A parting of ways,
And the whisper of spring
Heralds sunnier days.

The green's o'er the fields,
The air is alive,
The old order yields
Where the new shall thrive.

The murmuring woods
Breathe o'er the stream,
The sun, in his moods,
Makes distance a dream :

Oh, the spring, oh, the spring,
What news dost thou bring,
The hills and the dales
Thy praises shall ring.

RICKETY DICK

RICKETY DICK has gone to the wars,
Jolly Jack rides behind him ;
Rickety Dick can't sit on his horse,
Jolly Jack's gone to mind him.

Jolly old Jack has quick come back,
Rickety Dick is behind him ;
'The enemy's horse, the enemy's foot,
Will tell you where to find him.

PRINCESS, PRINCESS

PRINCESS, Princess, where are you going ?

Off to the fair, said she.

Princess, Princess, what are you sowing ?

Harvest of sighs, maybe.

Princess, Princess, what are you doing ?

Breaking of hearts, said she.

Princess, Princess, you are pursuing

Men to undoing, maybe.

Princess, Princess, where are you going ?

Perchance to be married, said she.

Princess, Princess, you are undoing

Evil wrought unto me.

THE SONG OF THE WOODS

Oh, the song of the woods
Is a song of the moods,
Is a song of life and death,
Is a song of the earth,
Of sorrow and mirth,
Of hope and strength and breath.

In the trees and the green
All things are seen
By light or shade of day,
And in all that is dealt,
And all that is felt,
The night owl has his say.

In a world of their own,
Where sorrow's unknown,
The birds are in with the spring ;
They twitter and croon,
Till signs of the moon
To nest the stragglers bring.

THE SONG OF THE WOODS

When the sun in the trees,
Gives word to the bees,
Calls out for the butterfly,
The whiz and the buzz,
For the watcher does
What no one's wealth can buy.

And the crawling of things,
That spring with it brings,
Makes rustle the trodden leaves ;
And never alone,
In woods that dost own,
May'st vent thy private griefs.

And the shimmering haze
That tells of the days,
Of summer come at last,
Repayes thee in joy
For future annoy,
That's here with winter fast.

Oh, the song of the woods
Is a song of the moods,
Is a song of high desire,
Of bright and strong hope
That's given to cope
With strokes of destiny dire.

SUMMER

If I into the garden chanced,
Was it at roots to delve?
The summer haze around me danced,
The clock half threatened twelve.

Why, then, did I allow my gaze
Across the green-crept wall?
In Sunday peace, the sun's white rays
Seemed fiercer over all.

Dreamed there a maid, dark as the night,
Yet fair as fair could be,
The trees half hid her from the light,
Should they hide her from me?

THE MAN WHO WOULD FLY

THERE'S a man who would fly,
Who would fly, who would fly,
Who would fly in the sky,
Oh ever so high, oh ever so high.
But he wants to come back by-and-by, by-and-by.
Now why, oh why, I want to know why.

For if I could fly, could fly, could fly,
Could fly in the sky,
Oh ever so high, oh ever so high,
I would never come back, come back, come back
from the sky,
Though I had to die.

TO SING OR TO WEEP

SHALL I sing at my work,
Shall I weep in my heart,
Oh Love, which is the better part,
May I listen to thee?

Have I chanced on Love
Where I looked for rest,
Oh tell me, Love, is it all for the best,
Or is't pain for me?

There is work to be done
That is scarce begun,
(Oh, Love, may I listen to thee?)
Has it risen, my sun,
Have I won, have I won,
Love, dearest Love, oh say it shall be.

A LOVELY DAY

A LOVELY day,
A day for thee and me,
A lovely day.
What if this be
A fateful meeting on the tiresome way ?

A tardy day,
A day for all the earth,
An autumn May.
Oh well 'tis worth
The fret and hindrance of this long delay.

A day of sun,
A maze of laughing sound.
'Tis but begun,
This joy of Eden found,
This merry-making ere the day be done.

A day's delight,
Is 't not the way of love,
In both our sight
All dreams above,
And then the night, what of the night ?

LOVE IN LEEDS

I BOUGHT my love a hat in Leeds to-day,
In Briggate, in Briggate ;
My love shall wear it as she goes her way,
In Briggate, in Briggate.

I bought my love a rose in Leeds to-day,
In Briggate, in Briggate ;
I'll ask my love, should she and I delay,
In Briggate, in Briggate.

I bought my love a veil in Leeds to-day,
In Briggate, in Briggate ;
I thought the while that we shall wed in May,
In Briggate, in Briggate.

I have not bought my love in Leeds to-day,
In Briggate, in Briggate ;
Could any buy such love as mine, I say,
In Briggate, in Briggate.

THE RIVER SPIRIT

DEEDS untold, darkling, foul,
Echo in the river bed,
Bones and Spirit, cheek by jowl,
Lisp untimely of the dead.

In and out, currents deep,
With the rushes softly swing,
Bid the Spirit vigil keep,
Lest old Time, Nepenthe bring.

And at night, dim the hour,
Ill at ease and trailing fright,
See it o'er the rushes cower,
Giving ghastly, flitting light,

Luring man, daring, lost,
Down into the river bed,
Where the lilies gather most,
Where the dreadful fish are fed.

Clammy stream, lapping dark,
Cold, ill-omened, is thy breast ;
Cast those bones from off thy heart,
Give thy hopeless Spirit rest.

THE FALL

I HAVE hardened my heart and done the wrong,
(Have I ever done right ?)

I thought I had loved her, deep and long,
Had felt myself generous, great, and strong
Now all is fallen.

Oh, hide 't from my sight,
Or set me back on my radiant height.

I have passed the word and can never go back,
(Nor would if I could.)

I have set her eternally on to the rack,
And painted her sunlit world in black
For ever and ever.

Thou art cruel, oh God, that sent me this mood.

Thine is the fault, oh God, not mine ;
Thine, this hideous judgment, Thine,
Though Thou mad'st it unremittingly mine,
It came from on high ; Thou gav'st the word,
In vain I struggled, in vain I stirred.

THE FALL

Why didst Thou put this wrong in my heart ?
(If wrong there be.)

Why didst Thou drive our souls apart,
Choose for us words each a poisonous dart
Envenomed with fear ?

Remorse is for Thee !

Useless all prayers to her and to me.

I sought no evil, I knew no wrong
Till this appeared.

I made but one of an eager throng,
That lives and loves in this world among
All manner of things ; so was I reared,
My course was certain, and none I feared.

No other woman my passion hath moved
To the infinite,
None but she have I craved and loved,
None but I hath she conquered and moved,
Fair she looked in the autumn light.

What matters the fault that hath torn all hence,
As the light from the day,
Broken's my love, my soul, and my sense,
Done in this hateful, eternal offence.
All's turned to clay,
All cast down for ever and aye.

THE CLOSED DOOR

I HAVE closed the door behind me,
And will call on Heaven no more ;
I go where no law shall bind me,
I've cast off the badge that I wore.

I'm scarcely a man any longer,
I'm neither a saint nor a fiend ;
I'm something more deadly and stronger,
And own neither foeman nor friend.

I live with the goblin, the spectre,
Commune with the stars and the owl ;
I'm now my own sovereign protector,
And fear neither darkness nor ghoul.

I know neither sorrow nor pity,
I've put aside vengeance and hate ;
I wander through province and city,
Deriding and mocking at Fate.

THE CLOSED DOOR

I know she has shot her last arrow,
I feel she has dealt her last blow ;
Know all that is pain and is sorrow,
Beyond the last confines of woe.

She came and she slew my own darling,
She took her, destroyed her, and laughed—
I've paid Fate my debt, my last farthing,
I'm a shipwrecked soul on a raft.

I've done with passion and duty,
With faith and with hope and with love ;
I've finished with glory and beauty,
With all upon earth and above.

THE SONG OF THE CLERK

I MUST waste summer on despised work,
And glorious hours where toilers hidden lurk,
Where Commerce, wide-eyed, unrelenting, sits,
And wields her magic pen o'er manhood's wits.

All this must I, nor know the chatt'ring thrush,
Nor see the rose glow in the evening hush ;
A slave am I, tied to a desk of toil,
With empty pocket, sowing barren soil.

Could I but see the end, something content were I ;
'Twould something mend the never ceasing lie
Of daily round, fitting another's plan
Of plunder, rendered to another man.

I work to-day, to-morrow is a guess ;
And when to-morrow comes, then have I less
Than this my day. Gone spring, and summer too,
Come autumn days, what have I then to do ?

THE SONG OF THE CLERK

A winter of lean years, perhaps before the end
A sharp reminder of this world's trend ;
A setting back, a place upon the shelf—
Herein is Fate the master—not man's self.

And here is summer. Is there ne'er a way
Of calling halt to Commerce this same day,
So I may sing a differently loved song,
And watch the sun, nor starve the way along ?

LIFE

I'VE heard sweet laughter, watched the moving
flood of tears,
Yes, I have lived !
And I have tossed the changing glass of hopes and
fears,
And *still* survived.
I scarce know why, indeed, have I forgot to ask,
Nor scarce do care ;
'The dancing spectacle of life, seen through a mask,
Is hard to bear.

Yet, who shall say? A vision dim of life
May have been mine.
A doubtful balance in a doubtful strife,
With ne'er a sign
Of all that's great, of what is just, to cast the odds—
Perchance for *thee*
Is there reserved a gallant hope—perhaps the gods
Are tired of me.

THE NEED

YES, I shall die, that ne'er have lived before,
And none shall know, and none may ever care,
The pre-ordained end is here, and nevermore
Shall words of mine implore insensate air.

Yes, I shall die, and have no mourner, none !
Have I not writ, and wrought and sung in vain ?
'Tis finished, broken, ere 'twas scarce begun,
This motherhood, that bears and dies in pain.

'Tis but a dull, ungrateful, sordid task,
A long drawn-out, and grey and grim delay,
To live, to toil sans hope, and ne'er to ask
What most one needs upon the empty way.

Had I but won a swift triumphal day,
Had known my words ne'er lived to die with me,
Then had I sped upon my destined way,
And never turned to ask what life might be.

AMBITION

LET not the day of ease
Allure the thought of danger passed from thee ;
Alone he's strong who sees
Around him, what, perchance, in front may be.

Nor may thine eye grow dim,
Thy hand e'er fail because thy love is near ;
Let not the evening hymn
Deceive thee unto thinking God may hear

The troubles which alone
'Tis given thee to face and to endure—
Lose not thy sense nor moan
Because ambition's proved an empty lure.

Ambition is a way
For men, and there are many ! Why shouldst thou
Succeed this self-same day
When others, whom thou knowest not, shall bow

AMBITION

Resignèd, humble heads
In secret, and shall think they have enough
When fancy bravely weds
With fancy, nor may call on other love ?

THE LONG ROAD

DREAMS by day have subtler might
Nor any dreams that come by night.
Dreams that make the world their own
Cannot make their nature known,
May not of themselves unfold
Till they unto like are told.
So was't to be.

Eyes that know and hearts that feel
Haply answer love's appeal
When the lover's fair and true.
He knew quickly how to sue.
He had come into my dream,
Made the world a glory seem—
Now—he's dead.

All the years that since have flown,
Side by side with him, unknown
Roads I've trod, and others met,
Wondering whether I my debt,
Paying constantly, could pay.
Is't not overpaid, oh say,
My debt sublime.

THE LONG ROAD

I am weary of the road,
Can myself no longer goad
Company with a ghost to keep
Who should sleep the last long sleep
Gently, deeply. Let me go !
I another strong arm know
At length, at length.

THE NEGLECTED GARDEN

THERE'S a garden, old, neglected,
Near the city, e'en within its sight,
Where the summer once reflected
Looks divine and fair, hope strong and
bright.

"Fair looks fade, and hopes to nought come,"
Said the garden (no one heard nor cared) ;
"I'm neglected, who have brought some
Deathless pleasure, and have badly fared.

"Summer's over, autumn's deadly,
Careless hand is withering all ;
Love is over, life's a medley,
Waiting death at winter's call."

LAMPLIGHT

SILENT woman, sitting sewing,
 'Neath the yellow, shaded light,
Dost thou feel a passion glowing
 Through the stillness of the night?

Dost thou even now remember
 Softer days and softer nights,
In a far-off, fair September,
 Overflown with deep delights?

Canst thou feel its pulses glowing
 'Cross the years and through the life,
Through the tumult and the growing
 Of the never-ceasing strife?

Shall I turn aside and wander
 In a path that's scarce mine own,
Just because I love to ponder
 Things imagined, things unknown?

LAMPLIGHT

Shall I thrust aside the story
Of our love of long ago,
In a desp'rate reach for glory
Far from that September glow?

Wilt thou, sewing, still be seated
Neath the yellow, shaded light,
If our love and life be cheated
Of the faith that we did plight?

Tell me, is 't a dimming vision,
This, our love of long ago,
Or to-night a fair fruition,
Of that deep September glow?

LOVE'S WELCOME

COMING home to my belovèd
In the summer's dazzling sheen,
Through what tempests have I wandered,
Through what universes been.

Heeding ne'er my people calling,
Bidding Fortune she could wait,
Blind to home or country falling,
I have left them to their fate.

I have fought and I have conquered,
I have fought and I have lost,
I have wrought and I have hungered
And have never known the cost,

As the sight of my belovèd,
And the music of her voice,
Have appeased my heart's deep longing,
Made my inmost soul rejoice.

And the summer's radiant sunlight,
Playing o'er the city's sheen,
Has at last brought my belovèd
And has solved the Might Have Been.

LOVE'S APPEAL

YIELD up thy soul, give up thy form's delight,
Such treasure ne'er was meant for thee alone ;
Come thou to me from off yon frozen height,
And reap the harvest that thy beauty's sown.

The sun that fires the distant wood-clad hills,
Has cast my shadow at thy timid feet ;
The clouds that feed the foaming mountain-rills
Are weeping ceaselessly that ne'er we meet.

Lift up thine eyes, put false pretence aside,
Confess aloud to me thine hour has come,
Give ear to all that urges thee confide
Thy love, or face a world for ever dumb.

The spring is calling, let not summer wait,
The seasons still their given round must go :
My love is calling, and shall ne'er abate
Until the breath of winter lay me low.

Oh love, my love, give heed whilst there is time,
Close not thine ear to my fierce-fervent prayer ;
Such love to such as thee must be sublime,
Revealed and claspèd close whilst youth is here.

LOVE AND I

LOVE and I, what have we ?
Nor title, nor place :
Yet love, what gav'st me,
Leave me, of thy grace.

Love and I, what do we ?
Can *we* mend the earth ?
Love, why pursue me ?
Mak'st truly poor mirth.

Love and I, where are we ?
Must we leave all go ?
Shall grim fate bar me ?
Ah, love, say not so.

LOVE AND THE FAIR

LOVE to the Fair,
Should it not be so?
Love thee I dare,
Blindly I go.

Love from the Fair,
Should it not be so?
I for thee care,
More than I know.

Wilt thou love fair,
It should e'en be so ;
Love thee I bear,
Ne'er cold shall grow.

YOU AND I

I NEED to have you alone again,
I did not carry you off to live in the throng ;
I took you with me to live in the sun or the rain,
To the sun and the rain and to me alone you
 belong.

This is no manner of life, this talk and this chatter,
This picking and dropping of trifles the day and
 the night ;
This endless assorting and sifting, why should it
 matter,
There's other joy in the open air and the light.

I need you, I need your love in the sun of the
 morning,
I need your face, and your voice and the sound of
 your step ;
I need you, to hear the earth awake in the dawning,
To beckon life and to banish sleep.

YOU AND I

I need you to catch the hush on the fields,
The light on the sea, to dream with me watching
the ships ;
I need to know there is someone who conquers,
then yields
Me her all, her life, her love and her soul on her
lips. .

You know the crowd in the world—fast closed
And empty. You know the people who talk but
cannot live ;
You know the glittering tinsel, parcelled and posed,
Swarming like honeyless drones that are lost to the
hive.

They keep us apart—these people—you and I,
They think to capture our soul and our heart
By pressing us, watching us, counting a tie
As something asked for and given, playing a part.

I need you in rain, where the wind beats over
the shore,
I like to think of you calling and watching, alone,
As the storm is brewing, and the wind rises more
and more,
And I am gone.

I KNOW I LOVE

I KNOW I love,
I know there's nothing more in heaven and
earth,
I know I love.
All joy, all sorrow, greatness, splendour, worth,
Are mine ; I know I love.

Divine is she,
Angel and woman, life and love,
Given to me, all men above,
Over and over, given to me,

Fair is she,
Fairer than summer, older than Eve,
Fairest to me.
Altar of love, birthway of hope, promised to
cleave
Ever to me.

I KNOW I LOVE

Altar of life, goddess and queen
Of the earth. What else?
Murmuring forest, midsummer sheen,
Mists of the north, sunburnt plain,
Beetle and blossom, wind and rain,
All are hers.

She is mine, to love or to hate,
Human, divine,
Consummation of loveliness,
Woman of fate.

I know I love,
I know there's nothing more in heaven and
earth,
I know I love.

SUMMER BELLS

HARK the summer bells !
Dim, unconscious lover knells,
Hark to the bells !
O'er the forest stealing,
Through the summer pealing,
Hark to the bells !

Hear their rolling sound
Carrying o'er the ground,
Hark to the round !
Deep with love now sighing,
All for joy outcrying,
List to the sound !

Startling forest-things
With their quiverings,
Where their echo rings !
O'er the river blowing,
With the sunbeams glowing,
On their mighty wings.

SUMMER BELLS

Hark the kindling note,
Out the brazen throat,
O'er the night air float !
Down the moonbeam glancing,
Through the star-field dancing
Near and nearer ; far, remote.

Hark the iron smite,
Hear the tongue incite
On to the infinite !
Deepest feelings flashing,
Primal passions clashing,
Through the summer night.

Hark the summer bells !
Dim, unconscious lover knells,
Hark to the bells !

BABY'S TOY

BABY has my watch for a toy,
Baby cares nought for time,
Baby has her life to enjoy,
Baby's here for a rhyme.

Baby, Baby, what is time to thee?
Just a toy,
For to enjoy,
Now, to-morrow, eternally.

Baby drops my watch on the floor,
Careless of time is she !
Baby 'll love me more and more,
Time is nought to her and to me.

Baby, Baby, there's no time for thee,
Just to-day,
Ever and aye,
Now, to-morrow, eternally.

BABY'S TOY

Baby finds my watch has a chain,
Baby would tear it link from link,
Baby's love is stronger again,
Baby holds with less than a wink.

Baby, Baby, kiss the time for me,
Just a toy,
For to enjoy,
Now, to-morrow, eternally..

THE WELCOME RAIN

WHERE the sun-scorched city lies,
Dreading yet another day,
Fearing lest the sun arise,
Yet more fiery things to say,
You can hear its muttered prayer,
Beg entreatingly for rain,
Soft ascending through the air,
Echoing its tale again.
Rain that bids the sun go hide,
Piling clouds high in his path,
Making clear that burning pride,
Still a gentle rival hath.

Did you hear the welcome rain
Patt'ring on the silent roof,
Like to words, assuaging pain,
Gently murmuring reproof?

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TO AN OLD CLOCK

OH, timepiece grave, sedate and old,
Dost seek a home at last,
Where, from adventure, fitful and untold,
Thou canst in present peace regard thy past.

Wouldst mark our happiness, old clock,
Wouldst look with countenance benign,
That neither time, nor careless world shall mock,
On peace and circumstance divine.

Thou cam'st at last from gentle hands
Where welcome waits :
Thy memories, culled from many lands,
Shall 'chance persuade the careworn Fates
That here, at last, is love and hope renewed, re-
covered,
So helping thee
Tick thine existence out into
Eternity.

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